February 28, 2026 – Ayatollah Khamenei begins his time in Hell

The sulfurous air of the Eighth Circle thickened as a crimson rift tore open in the black stone floor. From it rose a figure of impossible elegance—tall, immaculately tailored in midnight silk that drank light, horns polished to mirror-black obsidian, eyes like twin funeral pyres. The Devil did not walk; the ground simply parted and carried him forward.

Behind him, four new arrivals were dragged in chains of their own making. The links were forged from every lie they had ever told, every promise they had broken, every drop of innocent blood they had ordered spilled. The metal glowed dull red where it touched skin.

The Prince of Darkness stopped before an obsidian dais that had not existed a heartbeat earlier. He turned, one clawed hand extended in mock courtesy.

“Gentlemen,” His voice was velvet wrapped around a guillotine, “welcome to the VIP lounge. No reservations required—your lives were more than enough deposit.”

He gestured left to right with theatrical slowness.

“First, your host for the evening’s entertainment: Ruhollah’s favorite pupil… Ali Khamenei.”

Khamenei’s turban was gone. In its place sat a crown of living embers that dripped molten fat onto his shoulders. His eyes—once so certain—now darted like trapped moths. He tried to speak; only ash came out.

The Devil smiled, all teeth and no mercy. “Don’t strain yourself, Supreme Leader. You spent forty years insisting you spoke for Heaven. Down here we prefer brevity.”

He drifted one step right.

“Saddam Hussein al-Tikriti. The Lion of Babylon… or what’s left after the lion’s been skinned, salted, and left in the sun for twenty-three years.”

Saddam’s famous mustache was singed to stubble; chemical burns crawled across his cheeks like living tattoos. He squared his shoulders out of habit, then winced as the chains tightened in punishment for pride.

“You promised your people glory,” the Devil mused. “Instead you gave them gas and mass graves. Congratulations—you’ve achieved permanence. Your work will outlive every statue they’ve pulled down.”

Another languid step.

“Muammar Muhammad Abu Minyar al-Gaddafi. The Brotherly Leader and Guide of the Revolution… also known as the man who turned a tent into a throne and a nation into a personal ATM.”
Gaddafi’s famous robes had become rags of fire that continually re-knit themselves only to burn again. His face—once oiled and imperious—was now a mask of cracked clay. He tried to shout something about the Green Book; the words emerged as the screams of the Lockerbie families.
The Devil chuckled, low and fond. “You wrote fiction and called it political theory. I admire the hustle. Few authors get to meet their harshest critics in person.”
Finally he turned to the newest arrival, still bleeding desert sand from his wounds.
“And you… Yahya Sinwar. The last architect of October 7th. The man who wagered an entire people on the bet that cruelty would be mistaken for courage.”
Sinwar’s body bore every injury he’d ordered inflicted—multiplied. His eyes were open too wide, pupils fixed on sights only he could see: mothers clutching air where children used to be, concert-goers running until their feet wore to bone, villages turned ash. The chains around his wrists were made of burner phones and bloodied festival wristbands.
The Devil leaned close enough that Sinwar could smell brimstone and expensive cologne.
“You promised paradise to your fighters,” he whispered. “Here is the only paradise you were ever qualified to enter.”
For a moment there was silence—four men who had once commanded millions now breathing the same scorched air.
Then the Devil clapped once, sharp as a guillotine falling.
“Gentlemen, you are not here to be judged. Judgment happened upstairs. You lost.”
He spread his arms wide, taking in the endless cavern.
“You are here to meet each other properly. No bodyguards. No oil money. No militias. No foreign paymasters. Just the four of you… and several eternities to discuss leadership styles.”
Somewhere in the darkness, metal groaned as four thrones of jagged bone rose from the floor—each sized perfectly to its occupant, each fitted with restraints that would tighten whenever any of them tried to lie.
The Devil stepped back, bowing with exquisite mockery.
“Make yourselves comfortable. You have so very much to talk about.”
And with that, the crimson rift closed behind him, leaving only four silhouettes against the glow of their own burning regrets—and the slow, inevitable sound of four men who once feared no one… beginning to fear each other.
The sulfurous glow dimmed slightly as the Devil's footsteps faded into the infinite black. The four thrones—jagged, pulsing with heat—stood in a tight semicircle, forcing the men to face one another with no escape. No audience now. No cameras. No cheering crowds or trembling aides. Just the four of them, the crackle of their personal flames, and the slow drip of molten regret from the cavern ceiling.
For a long moment, silence reigned. Then Saddam Hussein, ever the first to test a room's hierarchy, cleared his scorched throat. The sound came out as wet gravel grinding together.
He tried: "So... brothers in arms... we meet again in... victory?"
The chains around his wrists snapped tighter. A hiss of pain escaped him; the word "victory" had been ruled a lie. He coughed black phlegm that sizzled on the stone.
Khamenei, still kneeling as though mid-prayer (old habits die slower than tyrants), lifted his ember-crowned head. His mouth opened. What emerged was not Farsi, not Arabic, not even coherent sound—just a long, keening wheeze like wind through broken bellows. He clutched at his throat; every syllable he had ever used to justify executions, every fatwa, every televised sermon now lodged there like broken glass. He could form no words. Only smoke. Only the taste of ash.

Across from him, Muammar Gaddafi laughed—a dry, rattling bark that turned into coughing. His fiery robes flared brighter with each heave. "You always talked too much, Ali," he rasped, voice surprisingly clear; the Green Book's endless prose had apparently earned him the privilege of speech, if only to suffer hearing himself. "Look at you now. The Voice of God... reduced to smoke signals."

He leaned forward, chains clinking like ironic medals. "Tell me, Supreme Leader—did the Mahdi ever show up? Or was that just another line you sold the children before sending them to die?"

Khamenei's eyes widened. He tried again to speak. Nothing. Just more smoke curling from his nostrils like an enraged dragon denied its roar. His hands trembled toward Saddam, pleading or accusing—it was impossible to tell.

Saddam smirked through the pain. "He wants to lecture us. I can smell it." He turned to Yahya Sinwar, who sat rigid, staring at nothing. Fresh wounds still wept sand and blood; the October 7 atrocities replayed endlessly behind his fixed pupils.

"You," Saddam said, nodding toward the youngest. "The new kid. You actually believed the paradise promises? Seventy-two virgins? Streets of gold? Look around, boy. This is what they pay with down here."

Sinwar blinked once—slow, mechanical. His lips parted. No sound at first. Then, barely audible, a single word scraped out:

"...resistance..."

The chains constricted like pythons. He gasped, doubling over. But he forced it again, quieter, almost reverent:

"...resistance..."

Gaddafi threw his head back and howled with laughter that echoed off the walls. "Resistance! In Hell! Beautiful. You'll fit right in with the poets—they all think their suffering is revolutionary too."

He wiped a tear of molten gold from his cheek. "I resisted NATO. Saddam resisted sanctions. Khamenei resisted... everything. And you resisted reality itself. Congratulations. We're all resistance fighters now. Against gravity. Against hope. Against each other."

Saddam shifted, testing the throne's spikes. "We could plan," he muttered. "Escape. Organize. I still have contacts—"

The chains burned brighter at the lie. He snarled, then fell silent.

Khamenei finally moved. One trembling hand reached toward Sinwar—not in brotherhood, but accusation. His mouth worked silently: *You. Your war. Brought this. My people. My revolution. Ruined.*

Sinwar met the gaze. No apology. No regret. Just that same flat, fanatic stare. Then, in a voice like dragging bones across concrete:

"They... will... continue."

The words cost him. Skin split along his jaw; blood hissed into steam. But he said it again, softer, almost to himself:

"They will continue."

Gaddafi clapped slowly, mockingly. "Optimist. I like him. At least someone still believes in the cause."

He turned to the group. "So. First order of business in eternity: who blames whom first? I vote we start with the one who talked the most and achieved the least." His burning eyes settled on Khamenei.

Khamenei lunged—or tried. The chains held. He collapsed back, wheezing smoke, pointing at all three in turn like a silent, furious prophet denied his scroll.

Saddam chuckled darkly. "He's saying we're all traitors to the ummah. Or infidels. Or Zionists. Hard to tell without the subtitles."

Sinwar, still bleeding, whispered once more: "...resistance..."

And somewhere in the endless dark, four burning thrones creaked as four men—once masters of silence, spin, and slaughter—began the long, excruciating process of learning what it means to have nothing left to command... except each other's endless, mutual accusation.